

THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

By Blakely & Martin.

JUNCTION, DAVIS CO., KANSAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1862.

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The Union.

JUNCTION, THURSDAY, FEB. 27, 1862.

Written for the S. H. & R. Union.

THE CANDID LAWYER.

In my former slight sketch of the Rail-
road Village, I referred to a social reunion,
or village soiree, which was established at
the suggestion of the village pastor. As
the village was new, and the inhabitants
partially strangers to each other, some
gathering of this kind was thought expedi-
ent. A spacious and well-finished room in
the basement of the church, afforded a
suitable place for the meeting. It was
thought that a brief lecture given by one
of the citizens, if they could obtain no one
from abroad, would add to the interest and
attraction of the occasion.

The pastor himself led the way by giving
a little address, in which he described the
appearance and manners of a foreign
people among whom he had sojourned. A
young merchant (who is now leader of a
company in the army of freedom) followed
in a brief address upon mental culture,
showing much thought and good literary
taste. The lectures, and social greetings in
which they closed, were getting to be quite
a success. The house was agreeably warm-
ed and lighted, and they had a pleasant
time. A young lawyer next addressed us.
His theme was Law; and he not only had
a noble and suggestive subject, but he gave
us a thoughtful, well-studied and interest-
ing address. Law is necessary, not only
from man's social state, but because he is
a moral and accountable being. Natural
justice, the basis of law, had its foundation
and its highest sanction in the Divine law.
A municipal statute which contravenes this,
is of course a law against law, a law against
justice, which is the only right foundation
for law. When Mr. C. closed his fine
address, which I would say in passing, was
agreeably spoken, avoiding the two ex-
tremes, of prosy dullness on the one hand,
or too great vehemence on the other, he
was about to retire from the stand, when
the pastor rose and begged leave to add a
few words.

He briefly returned thanks to the speaker
for the instructive and agreeable analyses of
the great subject of Law, to which we had
listened, and closed by remarking that as
the speaker had shown, by quotations from
the highest authorities, that human law
was based and obtained its highest sanctions
from the Divine law, it became all lawyers
especially, to attend punctually at the place
where the Divine law was expounded and
enforced! The shaft thus winged by a
feather from his own pinion, struck home.
The Lawyer bowed with a blushing face
to the pastor and the now smiling audience,
and most ingeniously acknowledged the
justice and force of the conclusion.
While the lively throng was as usual ex-
changing greetings, and chatting socially,
Mr. C. quietly drew near the pastor, and
assured him that he felt his delinquency on
the subject referred to, and assured him
that the delicate reproof administered,
would not be needed in future. I am hap-
py to add it was not.

When the evenings grew short—as spring
opened, the Ladies Sewing Circle and the
Mite Society, took the place of the weekly
lectures. Their object was the purchase of
a bell. In this laudable enterprise they
met with the most abundant success, ob-
taining after a few months, a fine-toned bell
from Menely's Foundry. So that now on a
Sabbath morning, "the sound of the
church-going bell" rings out over the broad
prairie and the winding valley of B-
Creek, the call, not only heard, but heeded,
once given by the sweet Psalmist of Israel,
to praise God in the sanctuary; for the
people of the Railroad Village and the no-
ble country which surrounds it, not only
love to meet to hear God's truth, but de-
light to sing his praise, and to do it well.
In this respect they are an example to
many communities, and especially to one
not a thousand miles from our own pre-
cinct.

Black & Co., have at their store,
New York, a genuine curiosity. It is in
the wedding ring of Martin Luther. It is in
a capital state of preservation—contains Lu-
ther's name in Latin—the date of the mar-
riage, 25th of June, 1525, and the orna-
mental parts show the coil, the ladder, the
crucifix, the mitre, and other religious em-
blems. It has been repaired repeatedly on
the outside; and the identity of the ring is
complete. Several documents are connect-
ed with it to prove that it is genuine. It
belongs to one of the chaplains of General
Blenker's division, and will be on exhibi-
tion for some time.

Significant Confessions.

From many quarters come indications
that the Rebels feel that they are driven to
the verge of ruin, and that only the energy
of despair can save them from the punish-
ment they merit. The tone of Southern
journals is daily becoming more lugubrious.
They have got well over the insolence which
characterized them at the commencement of
the struggle. The prophesies of easy vic-
tory are not so boisterously put forward,
are not repeated anywhere. In their place
are estimates of the plans of McClellan for
surrounding the Rebellion by a wall of fire.
They have learned to concede the superior-
ity of the North in point of numbers, and
no longer disparage the martial courage of
the loyalists. Instead of ridiculing the
"Lincoln government" as imbecile, the de-
nounce it as "despotic"—a phrase imply-
ing energy and power at least. They may
babe the North more intensely than at the
beginning, but they have been compelled to
respect us, and the contempt which bred the
hate being expelled, the respect will in time
develop esteem and good feeling.

While we confine our observations to our
military operations, we may be anxious and
dissatisfied. Results have not kept pace
with our anticipations. If, however, atten-
tion is directed to the South, it is easy to
perceive how much has been done to break
down the Rebellion. The first great army
of the Confederacy is oozing away by the
expirations of enlistments, and by the con-
fusion of Rebel journals the vacancies thus
caused are not filled. Means may be taken
to get soldiers by drafting and violence; but
the spirit which is thus indicated is a grave
contrast from the alacrity with which all
Southern men ran to arms a year ago. The
terrible pressure of the blockade is constant-
ly more and more felt, and the prospect of
its removal is confessed to be more remote
than at any previous time it had appeared
to be. At the same time, the difference in
arms as well as in men, is more and more
plainly demonstrated. The Richmond Dis-
patch places "the capacity of the Confed-
eracy in arms at two hundred thousand
to two hundred and fifty thousand men,"
and the Southern journals admit that our
army is double their force in numbers.—
We are getting an abundance of the best
weapons produced; the supply of the Rebels
is stopped, and they are found inferior on
every field.

One of the most remarkable of the whole
series of confessions, is an address to the
people of Georgia, signed by Howell Cobb,
Robert Toombs, M. J. Crawford and Thom-
as W. R. Cobb. It is issued in view of the
termination of the Rebel Provisional Gov-
ernment. It indulges in the eulogy of those
to whom it is addressed, which is an essen-
tial part of public documents. The remark-
able passages are these:

Second—"Our enemy has exhibited an
energy, a perseverance and an amount of
resources which we hardly expected, and a
disregard of constitution and laws which we
can hardly credit. The result of both, how-
ever, is that power, which is the charac-
teristic element of despotism, and renders it
formidable to its enemies as it is destruc-
tive to its subjects.

Third—"An immense army has been or-
ganized for our destruction, which is be-
ing disciplined to the untiring stolidity of
regulars. With the exclusive possession of
the seas, our enemy is enabled to throw
upon the shores of every State the nucleus
of an army. And the threat is made, and
doubtless the attempt will follow in early
spring to crush us with a giant's grasp by a
simultaneous movement along our entire
borders.

Fourth—"With whatever alacrity our
people may rush to arms, and with what-
ever energy our government may use its re-
sources, we cannot expect to cope with our
enemy either in numbers, equipments or
munitions of war. To provide against these
odds we must look to desperate courage, un-
flinching daring, and universal self-sacri-
fice.

Fifth—"The prospect of foreign inter-
ference is at least a remote one, and should
not be relied on. If it comes, let it be only
auxiliary to our own preparations for free-
dom. To our God and ourselves alone we
should look.

"These are stern facts, perhaps some of
them are unpalatable. But we are deceived
in you if you would have us to conceal them
in order to deceive you."

Such confessions need only to be placed
on record, to show how much has already
been accomplished towards crushing out the
Rebellion. No wonder these Southern lead-
ers feel driven to rouse up the energy and
despair in the Southern heart. They are
as Lieutenant Maury expressed it, "fighting
with a halter about their necks," and be-
cause they do not deserve mercy, they seek
to light up on earth the fires of hell. Such
a paragraph as this rings with the wail of
intense despair:

"The foot of the oppressor is on the soil
of Georgia. He comes with lust in his eye,
poverty in his purse, and hell in his heart.
He comes a robber and a murderer. How
shall you meet him? With the sword, at
the threshold! With death for him or for
yourself! But more than this—let every
woman have a torch, every child a firebrand
—let the loved homes of our youth be made
ashes, and the fields of our heritage be made
desolate. Let blackness and ruin mark your
departing steps, if depart you must, and let
a desert more terrible than Sahara welcome

the Vandals. Let every city be levelled
by the flame, and every village be lost in
ashes. Let your faithful slaves share your
fortune and your crust. Trust wife and
children to the sure refuge and protection of
God—preferring even for these loved ones
the charnel house as a home than loathsome
vassalage to a nation already sunk below the
contempt of the civilized world. This may
be your terrible choice, and determine at
once and without dissent as honor and pa-
triotism and duty to God require."

"In early spring" let the "giant's grasp"
close swift and heavy on such barbarians,
who in the ravings of their madness would
depopulate where they can not rule, and
who, confessing their own despair, would
let chaos come again over the land they have
already done so much to ruin. For such
atrocities, justice can not strike too swiftly
nor too severely.—Owensboro Herald.

John Bull and the Stone Blockade.

The English press, now that the Trent
affair is disposed of, pitch anew into the
Washington Government for sinking stone
laden vessels in Charleston harbor, declar-
ing it to be an act of atrocity and barbarism.
Well, that is our business, Mr. Bull, and
none of yours. We own this big hotel,
known as the "United States," (we obtained
it of you, you remember) and we flatter
ourselves that we can "keep" it. If we see
fit to close up one of the doors of entrance
and open another in a different portion of
the building, it is our own affair, and if you
being a part of the traveling public that
put up at our hotel occasionally, snarl and
grumble, and find fault about it in that dis-
agreeable manner, so natural to you, we shall
not hesitate to call you an ill natured in-
termeddler in other people's business. You
have got so much in the way of attending
to "American affairs," Mr. Bull, that you
have nearly overlooked the fact that we are
proprietors here and not you.

The idea that England or any other for-
eign power shall attempt to dictate to this
Government where her ports shall be located,
is preposterous. She might as well call
us to task for allowing certain lake ports to
become nearly useless for the want of dredg-
ing, and send the United States Govern-
ment an annual list of such of our ports as
she desires to have kept in good condition,
with the amount of appropriation for each
port that will be satisfactory to the Govern-
ment of Great Britain.

This government is fighting to crush out
rebellion, and if we can accelerate that end
by closing such of our ports, as, by being
open would aid the rebels, protract the war
and thereby defer the object we have in
view, it is our own affair, and when Eng-
land becomes indignant about it, we cannot
resist the conclusion that her sympathies
are with the rebels and that any measures
that seem calculated to inflict serious blows
on the secession cause afford her the great-
est uneasiness.

Rev. Dr. Butler, of Washington, in a
lecture at Cincinnati a few evenings ago,
gave his audience a few instances of the
amiable dispositions of young ladies of se-
cession persuasion. In Alexandria, a gal-
lant young artillery officer was spit upon by
two young ladies a few days before the bat-
tle of Bull Run. He immediately inquired
their names and ascertained their residences,
and on that same evening, with a number
of his comrades, serenaded them for three
hours, singing the most sentimental songs
in praise of the loveliness and gentleness of
women.

The second illustration given by Dr.
Butler was as follows: In Baltimore, a
young lady dropped her handkerchief one-
day. A Federal officer was sufficiently
overcharged with etiquette to pick it up
and hand it to her. The dear creature—type
of the graces that she was—gave him a
side glance, and in dulcet tones inquired,
"Do you think I would accept anything
from an Abolition hircling?"

The third is as good as the above.
While a young lady of Baltimore was
walking with an "air of impunity" along
the streets, an officer rubbed against her
dress. Displaying a flexibility of nose
worthy the attention of a physiologist, the
Dixian beauty muttered the monosyllable,
"wretch," and shook her expansive skirts
as if to remove something Northernly
offensive. The officer quietly followed her
to her elegant home, rang the door bell,
and called for the gentleman of the house.
To this gentleman he presented the alterna-
tive of an apology from her or a fight from
her husband, if she had such an appendage,
if not, her beloved paternal relative must
choose the weapons. Angelina was called
and remonstrated with, and being so ad-
vised, made the requisite apology.

The special boast of the rebels dur-
ing the war, has been their ability to des-
troy their enemies in a hand to hand com-
bat. They have constantly flattered them-
selves that the superiority of their troops in
fighting with the bayonet and bowie knife,
was an indisputable fact. The Mississipp-
ians have prided themselves on the tremen-
dous slaughter they would be able to in-
flict upon the Yankees with the bowie
knife. It must be especially disheartening
to them to learn that at the battle of Webb's
Crossroads, these terrible Mississippians
with bowie knives two feet long, ran panic
stricken before the leveled bayonets of the
2d Minnesota and 9th Ohio Regiments.

BAPTIZED IN BLOOD!

BY WILLIAM T. EQUHART.

Ye who bewail our nation's lost condition,
And sadly gaze into the coming years,
Know that from grief oft springeth full fruition,
As the glad rainbow beams 'mid nation's tears.
Historic memories all around us dwelling—
From wide-spread prairie to Ontario's flood—
Speak with a clarion voice unto us, telling
Of this, our land's first baptism in blood.

Baptized in blood at Lexington and Concord,
Where first blest Freedom drew her infant
breath,
When over the land there swept the glorious
watchword

Of "GIVE US LIBERTY, OR GIVE US DEATH!"
Still in our hearts, undying, dwells the story
Of Valley Forge and Trenton's conquer'd plain:
Still shines undim'd the father's ancient glory,
And bids their spirit live in us again.

Tis sweet to dwell beneath the wide-spread
branches
Of the old pine tree, in our northern home,
Where all we prize are round about us gathered,
And love forbids us from their side to roam.

But stir'd by traitors, War's rude hand sweeps
o'er us,
Bending the pine bough, with its stormy blast,
And to arouse us, with the turmoil mingles
The wild-like murmurs of the hallowed past.

Baptized in blood! The woods and mountains
hoary
Shall yet re-echo with the Union song:
Baptized in blood and halo'd round with glory.

Our land shall rank the proudest lands among;
Our history to each coming generation
Shall loudly sing the noble story forth,
How 'mid grief and darkest desolation,
Unshaken still stood the pine tree of the North!

The New Secretary of War.

We find the following interesting state-
ment in the St. Louis Republican of the 20th
ult.

"A year ago, when General Cass—griev-
ed and indignant left Mr. Buchanan's Cab-
inet, Mr. Attorney General Black was trans-
ferred to the portfolio of State, and Mr.
Stanton, then absent from Washington, was
fixed upon as Attorney General. The same
night he arrived at a late hour, and learned
from his family of his appointment. Know-
ing the character of the bold bad men then
in the ascendancy in the Cabinet, he deter-
mined at once to decline; but when, the
next day, he announced his resolution at
the White House, the entreaties of the dis-
tressed and helpless President and the ar-
guments of Mr. Black prevailed upon him to
accept.

"At the first meeting of the Cabinet which
he attended, the condition of the seceded
States and the course to be pursued with
the garrison at Fort Sumpter was discussed,
Floyd and Thompson dwelling upon 'the ir-
ritation of the Southern heart,' and the folly
of continuing a useless garrison to increase
the irritation.' No one formally proposed
any course of action, but the designs of the
conspirators were plain to the new At-
torney General. He went home troubled.—
He had intended, coming in at so late a day,
to remain a quiet member of this discordant
council. But it was not in his nature to sit
quiet longer under such utterances.

The next meeting was a long and stor-
my one. Mr. Holt, urging the immediate
reinforcement of Sumpter, while Thompson,
Floyd and Thomas, contended that a quasi-
treaty had been made by the officers of the
Government with the leaders of the rebel-
lion, to offer no resistance to their violations
of law and seizures of Government prop-
erty. Floyd especially blazed with indigna-
tion at what he termed the 'violation of
honor.' At last Mr. Thompson formally
moved that an imperative order be issued to
Major Anderson to retire from Sumpter, to
Fort Moultrie—abandoning Sumpter to the
enemy, and proceeding to a post where he
must at once surrender.

Stanton could sit still no longer, and
rising, he said, with all the earnestness that
could be expressed in his bold and resolute
features, 'Mr. President, it is my duty as
your legal adviser, to say that you have no
right to give up the property of the Gov-
ernment, or abandon the soldiers of the
United States to its enemies; and the
course proposed by the Secretary of the In-
terior, if followed, is treason, and will
involve you and all concerned in treason.'
Such language had never before been heard
in Buchanan's Cabinet, and the men who
had so long bullied the President, were
surprised and enraged to be thus rebuked.
Floyd and Thompson sprang to their feet
with fierce, menacing gestures, seeming
about to assault Stanton. Mr. Holt took a
step forward to the side of the Attorney
General. The imbecile President implored
them piteously to take their seats. After
a few more bitter words the meeting broke
up. That was the last Cabinet meeting
at that exciting subject in which Floyd
participated. Before another was called all
Washington was startled with a rumor of
those gigantic frauds which have made his
name so infamous. At first he tried to
brag out with his customary blustering
manner; but the next day the Cabinet
waited long for his appearance. At length
he came; the door opened, his resignation
was thrust into the room, and Floyd disap-
peared from Washington. Such was the
end of Floyd, and the beginning of Stan-
ton."

The health of General Anderson of
Sumter remains, is still considered precari-
ous. His physicians say he must avoid all
business and all thought, so far as possible.

During the month of January, there
were 82 vessels lost. The total value, says
a New York paper, was one million, six
hundred thousand dollars.

How a Man Feels Under Fire.

How a man feels when in battle is a
question that our volunteers have doubtless
frequently asked themselves. We recently
stumbled upon a volunteer upon furlough,
who first smelt powder at Bull Run. Dur-
ing an hour's chat with him, he gave us a
very good general idea of the way in which
a man feels when under an enemy's gun.
Our friend did not claim to be especially
courageous. He placed due value upon the
integrity of the American Eagle, but en-
listed mainly because he had no other
employment at the time. He did camp
duty faithfully, and endured the hardships
of long marches without any special grum-
bling. That he dreaded to meet the enemy
he freely admits.

While willing at any time to kick a big-
ger man than himself under justifiable
provocation, he disliked the idea of the
sudden sensation imparted by a bayonet
thrust in the abdomen, while only second to
this was his horror of being cut down with
a rifle ball like an unsuspecting squirrel.
When his regiment was drawn up in line,
he admits his teeth chattered, and his knee
pans rattled like a pot-closet in a hurricane.
Many of his comrades were similarly af-
fected, and some of them would have laid
down had they dared to do so. When the
first volley had been interchanged, our
friend informs us, every trace of these feel-
ings passed from him. A reaction took
place, and he became almost savage from
excitement.

Balls whistled all about him, and a can-
non ball cut in half a companion at his
side. Another was struck by some explo-
sive that scattered the brains over the
clothes of our informant, but so far from
intimidating, all these things served up his
resolution. The hitherto quaking civilian
in half an hour became a veteran.

His record shows that he bayoneted two
of his rebel enemies, and discharged eight
rounds of his piece with as decisive an aim
as though he had selected a turkey for a
mark. Could the entire line of an army
come at the same time into collision, he
says there would be no running until after
a hopeless defeat.

The men who played the runaway at Bull
Run were men who had not participated in
the action to any extent, and became panic
stricken where, if once smelling powder in
the manner above mentioned, they would
have been abundantly victorious. In the
roar of musketry and the thundering dis-
charge of artillery, there is a music that
banishes even innate cowardice. The sight
of men struggling together, the clash of
sabres, the tramp of cavalry, the gor-
stained grass of the battle field, and the
coming charge of the enemy dimly visible
through the battle smoke—all these, says
our informant, dispel every particle of fear,
and the veriest coward in the ranks, per-
haps, becomes the most tiger-like. At the
battle of Bull Run, the chaplain of one of
the regiments, a man of small stature and
delicate frame personally, cut down two six
feet grenadiers in single combat.

If these things are so—and we incline to
think they are—the best cure for cowardice
is to crowd a man into a fight and there
keep him. The fugitives from Bull Run
were men who imbibed panic before it
could have reached them.—Philadelphia
North American.

The Seven Old and the Seven New.

The seven wonders of the world were:
First, the Egyptian Pyramids. The largest
of them is six hundred and ninety-three
feet square and four hundred and sixty-
nine feet high, and its base covers eleven
and a quarter acres of ground; second, the
Mausoleum, erected to Mausolus, a king of
Caria, by his widow, Artemisia. It was
sixty-three feet long and thirty-five feet
high; third, the Temple of Diana, at
Ephesus. This was four hundred and
twenty-five feet in length and two hundred
and twenty feet in breadth; the Walls and
Hanging Garden of Babylon. These walls
are stated by Herodotus to have been
eighty-seven feet thick, three hundred and
thirty feet high and sixty miles in length,
and the statement is deemed creditable by
modern antiquarians; fifth, the Colossus of
Rhodes. This was a brazen statue of
Apollo, one hundred and fifty feet in
height, standing at the mouth of the harbor
of Rhodes; sixth, the statue of Jupiter
Olympus at Athens, which was made of
ivory and gold, and was wonderful for its
beauty rather than for its size; seventh,
the Pharos Ptolemy Philadelphus. This
was a lighthouse five hundred feet high,
on the island of Pharos at Alexandria, in
Egypt. A fire of wood was kept burning
on its summit during the night, to guide
ships to the harbor.

The seven wonders of the world are:
The steam engine, the electric telegraph, the
printing press, the telescope, the microscope,
the chemical laboratory and the photograph.

The ladies will please take notice,
that the Empress Eugenie has decreed that
court dress for ladies shall hereafter be two
feet wider and two feet longer, at the top,
than heretofore.

The celebrated piano maker, Broad-
wood, who died recently in London, left a
fortune amounting to £330,000, all made
from piano making.

The California Legislature have re-
solved to assume the State's portion of the
National district tax.